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Relation of the Engineer to the Employer

By MR. WILLARD BEAHAN (*)

Mr. President and Gentleman—

An Irishman called upon his priest and this conversation ensued: Said Pat, "Father, of late I have been taking great interest in the day of judgment." "Patrick, I am very glad to hear you say that. It is meet and proper that you should." "Father, do I understand that every one of us will be there from every place?" "Yes, Patrick, it is so recorded in the Book; we will gather there together at that hour." "Well, Father, does that include the K. of C., and the A. P. A. and the North of Ireland and the South of Ireland?" "Yes, Patrick, unquestionably; but why does that seem to trouble you?" "Well, Father, I am thinking there will be very little judging done the first day." (Laughter.)

My friends, in a very acute sense, this is the "Day of Judgment" for our country, and I am afraid it is the "first day," for there has been very little judging done of late. Quite the reverse. The great war is over practically. At least the fighting is done. We engineers, I think we may say modestly, did our full share, and certainly more than people expected we would do. We started out late, as you remember.

A little incident up in our own great office of the New York Central, as I am one of their hired men up in Cleveland, took place at the time the first liberty bond campaign was put on. We were gathered up there in one of the big rooms in the upper story just before noon one day, as many as we could get in, and some of us who were the heads of sub-departments, or something else supposed to be worth listening to, were put up there to put the proper spirit into the rank and file. One of the men was Mr. Bailliere, now of Toledo, then the Mechanical Engineer of the Civil Engineering Department, a Southerner and a very ardent fellow. Among the things that he said, that I remember, was: "Now, not all of you can go to the war; some are too old; some are not physically sound; some should not go on account of their families. But while we cannot all go to fight, there are things we can do to help win this war, and this is what I am telling the fellows as I go around over the road. You can work a little better, pay a little more attention to your business and make a second or third line of defense which will be as splendid as it ought to be made."

He talked to them along that line, very necessary, very wise. And we did, I feel quite sure, in railroad lines try to start that way. But, as you know, and we all know now, it did not continue. I am simply reciting history. I am not criticising.

There then came what one of our wise employers of labor, one of our most active men in Cleveland, has called an "economic debauch." Now, I

am a railroad man. When the war broke out we were paying track laborers 17½ cents an hour. Within some fifteen months we were paying track laborers 40 cents an hour. Now draw your own conclusions. You *might* draw two, while you are about it. The first is, and the railroad men understand it, we had not been paying section laborers enough. And the second is, in my judgment, that we compounded the difficulty by ending in paying them too much. If there are any men who disagree with me, that is their privilege.

We sent our boys across and we paid them a dollar a day in the army. To do that, we doubled the army pay. A man came back from the other side, one of our engineers, recently, a Major of Engineers in one of the regiments, and he said to me: "Beahan, we were fighting over there for a dollar a day. And that is all right. We were glad to it. Yet we want to know why in hell you were paying men in your shipyards and munitions plants *fifteen* dollars a day?"

I saw teams working here at Chillicothe, or at least putting in time, at \$8.00 a day and double time for Sunday. We had men's pay raised in this time above that of their foremen. That is a recent labor idea, the less a man knew the more he ought to be paid. (Laughter.)

In England they were even worse and I think they started it. You know very well that Lloyd George, that great statesman that he is—no one can conceive tonight the praise he will be given in history for his leadership of the English nation, for he was one of the common people and they have listened to him—certainly had his troubles.

But, my friends, those were all war measures. It caught us in a bad time. We did some foolish things. We are sorry for them; I do think, and I have said it before, and you must remember that I am a Democrat, rock-ribbed for three generations—I do think that Mr. Wilson listened too much to the labor element, more than he would today. I think Mr. Gompers made a mistake, and he sees it. Just as we all know Warren Stone made a mistake, and he sees it. Probably Gompers and Stone are as good men as we have in that line of service.

Now, so much for history. Why do I mention it? Because the Day of Judgment will soon be here, where there is going to be judging done, and not all scrapping and fighting, when the North of Ireland and the South of Ireland, with their proclivities, will have to take a back seat and the cooler Saxon blood will pass upon these things, and we must stop flying at each other's throats.

We are engineers. What does that mean? Well, I suppose we may say, modestly and historically, that, as a rule, the engineer is a college man. We must then also say, if that be true, that in a majority of cases he has been educated in one of

(*) See editorial.

our great State universities; because, while we have engineering schools, and very proud and excellent ones, that are not State universities, yet the State University graduate is by far in the majority. In these State universities where young men are educated, and I happen to be one of them, we are educated largely at public expense, especially in Land-Grant colleges.

Now, my friends, if that be true, if we are educated at the public expense, as I see it, we are quite in the category of a graduate of West Point or Annapolis. Those men, we are proud to say, when war is declared and when there is trouble in their line, while they may have gone out of service, while they may have been retired, at once they volunteer, because they feel that they owe a debt to their country for their education, for the uplifting chance they got, and they are always willing to extend their services.

So with us. The engineer is a public servant, not only by his profession but by his education and by the debt he owes his country. I never apologize for the necessity of driving an engineer into doing something for the public, because he owes it to the public. We owe more to the public than the lawyer or the doctor or any other professional man. Think that over. I believe I am right in it.

Now if that be true, there is another fact you must put beside it. The engineer was not only educated technically and to a considerable degree at public expense, but the engineer was educated for leadership. Some are not leaders, very true. Some are designing engineers. Some are research engineers. But not all West Pointers are leaders. General Seibert, I learned today, had never considered himself that at all, but still, by and large, the engineer is expected, and we have a right to expect of him, leadership of his fellowmen. By his training, by the opportunity which the public has given him, he has been put up on the mountain side of progress a little—a considerable—above the average of his fellowmen. He will soon see the dawn of a new day. He will see the coming of the new light and the new conditions which surround us now more clearly and more quickly than his neighbor can be expected to see them. Haven't we seen it in this war in many ways over and over again.

I do not feel any burden arising from that, but, to me, it is a source of rejoicing. I well recall, back in my 'varsity days, a picture and a line under it. The picture was that of "The Vaudois, in times of Persecution," those Swiss mountaineers who kept the faith, the Waldenses, as some call them, and they really did believe that they held to the Christian faith when it was wiped out every place else in the world. And these were the lines under this picture, which the great and good Andrew D. White had given to us for our uplift and our benefit—you see I remember them over forty years. These are the words put on the lips of these people, these mountaineers:

"For the strength of the hills, we bless Thee
Our God, our Father's God,
Thou hast made thy children mighty,
By the touch of the mountain sod."

Now, my friends that is my conception of your profession and mine, and if I miss every other point here tonight, I want you to get that note, of leadership, this note of superior knowledge of the working conditions and the economic conditions and the social conditions of this hour, for you will do one of two things—you, as engineers, will lift or you will lean. And my duty here tonight is to adjure you to lift, for God knows there never was a time in the history of the human race when lifting was needed more than tonight.

Are you trying to do your duty by your company? If you are a railroad man, are you trying to do your duty by your company in spite of the fact that we are under Government control? Well, my brother, if you are, you have my sympathy, for you must be damned lonesome. (Laughter.)

Are you lifting or are you leaning and waiting for the A. A. E. to get your pay raised once more? (Laughter and applause.)

We have got men in our department on the New York Central Railroad that have not done an honest day's work since the war broke out, and their salaries are high. I have told it to the chief engineer. What are you going to do? Can we now discharge them as the law is? But may God help them when the roads get back to the owners, because they will see a new light. (Laughter.)

I have patience with the hobo when he acts this way, I have a higher regard for a hobo than many have. I have all patience with the negro. He is but a grown-up child. I cannot blame a foreigner who cannot speak a word of my language. Why, gentlemen, we have mills in Pittsburg where fifty per cent of the men do not understand a single word of English. I have patience with that sort of people. That is what we are here for, to lift and to guide and to lead. But the man who has a diploma from a State university, a Land-Grant College, and acts that way—he ought to be shot. (Applause.)

I am going to read you a quotation from the book that Mr. Leighton has quoted from, a little earlier in the volume: "And the Lord said unto Cain, 'Where is Abel, thy brother?' and he said, 'I know not. Am I my brother's keeper?'"

You all know of Mr. Atterbury, General Atterbury, the General Manager of the Pennsylvania Railroad, who went across and had command of all the railroad regiments over there. I want to read a paragraph from General Atterbury's pen of a few days ago:

"Many years ago the question was asked, 'Am I my brother's keeper?' The universal answer has been 'Do others or they will do you'."

Now I have heard men here say that, some of them sitting right beside me.

"'Each for himself and the devil take the hindmost,' and selfishness, national and individual, is triumphant. What has happened during the last five years is inevitable. The selfishness of one nation got beyond bounds and tried to impress itself upon all other nations. The war was the result. Blood has washed the slate. What answer to that age old question will now be written?"

Indeed that is the question. It was my privilege only a few days ago to listen to Secretary of War Baker at Cleveland before the Chamber of Commerce. Mr. Baker is a most intelligent man, a very ready speaker, and he was talking to his neighbors and friends. He used this phrase, which has stuck in my mind. Apropos of these other things I have been speaking of to you, he says, "We are now suffering from the back-wash of the war." We did great work. We won the war. And that is the outstanding thing after all. Never mind the mistakes. But these things come in unavoidably, and they are problems, and they are menacing problems, this back-wash of the war. Said he, in his laconic way,— "My friends, one of the troubles is there are so many of you trying to get rich, keep happy and not work." (Laughter.)

Now I may say he was simply advising his neighbors at that time and we took it of course to heart, although we think Cleveland is a pretty decent city, after Columbus. (Laughter.)

There is in that city the head of a great labor union, my neighbor. I won't mention his name for he is not here. I have heard him many and many a time, earlier than five years ago, say this—"What we want," referring to his labor organization, "is more money in the pay envelope on Saturday night, and that is all we want. We don't care whether we have got a place to sleep or anything to eat. We don't care anything about this welfare work and the Y. M. C. A. at the end of the division to take care of the men. All we want is more money in the pay envelope Saturday night." Of course he was lying at the time. He knew it and so did I. What does he say now? He says, "This won't do. This is a vicious circle. We cannot have this any longer." He has seen a new light. He knows more than he did.

Now let us, you and I, learn something more. Why, this is what has brought on the high cost of living. We started the high cost of living on the railroads. We were the worst sinners of all. We got scared before we were hurt, or even hit. We started this uplifting,—if you will call it such—this madness as I will call it, this mid-summer madness.

The result is this, we are face to face with a sad condition, a menacing condition. Do not deceive yourself that we are simply having a lot of strikes on our hands. That is not the worst of it. The worst of it is that the men who head those unions and who have advocated these strikes in the years gone by, now see this, that the power that they have started has gotten entirely beyond their control and they are the men actively trying to stop this trouble and they do not know whether they can do it or not.

You know that some of our wisest and best Christian ministers are now praying most ardently that Samuel Gompers' life may be spared, because he is conservative and known as such. It is not the labor union that is a menace tonight. It is the I. W. W. that has their hands at the throat of the labor union. "The *big* union," there is the problem. Do not deceive yourselves one

bit. I am not afraid of labor unions, because they are more scared than I am.

I want to read you more, quite a little more, from General Atterbury:

"For nearly two years I watched with breathless interest labor conditions as they developed on the other side."

I told you he was over there in command of all our railroad regiments.

"England in the throes of a social revolution. France with her industrial population ripe for anything. Italy at any moment ready to break into anarchy. I was not responsible. I was merely an observer and I had a most detached feeling towards it all. I am not conscious when the change took place in myself, but I know it came to the surface when I was asked to stay on the other side to assist in carrying on a great work after the war is over. Without hesitation I said, No, that my duty lay with the mass of men, my friends, all with whom I had been associated covering a period of over thirty years, the men, part of whom educated me and the other part of whom I helped educate. Then I sensed it, that what we fought for in 1776, in 1812, in '61, in '98, and what we were then fighting for, was real, that life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness were the inherent right of all. I had always known it was my right, but I did not know, and the thing that I had to do was to gain a realization that it was your right and the right of every other fellow. I tried to put myself in the other fellow's place. What did that right mean to me and what did it mean to him? It seemed to me the following were at least essentials:

"First: Steady employment."

Oh, if we only had that on our railroads.

"Second: At a good wage."

Notice that he did not say "living wage."

There is no such thing as a living wage. My old friend Bissell, in front of me there, would get rich on a wage I would starve on. What is going to be a living wage between us?

"Third: Time for recreation."

Give them time to enjoy a man like our Toastmaster here. (Laughter.)

"Fourth: Opportunity to elevate myself in my employment."

"Fifth: A voice in determining the rules and regulations under which I should work."

"Sixth: A fair division of any profit after a reasonable wage has been earned and a sufficient amount paid to capital to attract it to an expanding business."

I have seen that last item put down many times but I never saw that last part of it included. That is General Atterbury. Undoubtedly there are men in this room who know him, a Pennsylvania railroad trained man, a man who has seen a great deal and lived a great deal and openly confessed here that he sees things in a different light than he did before. That is what you and I must do.

I do not wish you younger men to be discouraged for there is room for great encouragement. The old lines have broken up. The wisdom of the prophets and the baldheaded men and the

white beards like myself is not going to be worth nearly as much in the market as it used to be, because times have changed so much that we are out of date, as young as I am, according to the Toastmaster. (Laughter.)

The question before the house is this, will the minority rule in the future as the majority has ruled in the past? That is the question. Do not flatter yourselves that these fellows who are stirring up the hell in the country amount to much numerically. I have handled men some myself, quite a good deal I would say. I do not believe that 15% of the steel workers were ever organized. I have never known a strike or a riot to take place, and I have had to do with some of them, when more than 5% were really in the spirit of it, sometimes as low as 3%. You would be surprised if you were to handle a lot of hoboes to see how few you really have to manhandle. I hope you get that idea. If you are a football man you know all about it. If you have got a few engaged in rioting, why just a very few were really inciting it.

I stopped a gang of hoboes once, of one hundred, who were going to hang a man, they said, one of our men, and these were our own employees. They couldn't get around me. The snow was too deep. I was alone. I explained to them and argued with them and talked to them like a big brother, like a Dutch uncle, and like an Irish washerwoman, and they all went back except fifteen. Not more than fifteen of the hundred had any resolution whatever in that direction, and that is a very big per cent. They were partly drunk. They wouldn't go back. I drew my toe across the snow path and stepped back. I had talked to them for twenty minutes, and that is long enough to convince anybody except a meeting of this sort. (Laughter.)

I said to them, "I am done talking. You say you are going up to hang that man. Now come on." They commenced to sober up. I said to them, "The first man that crosses that mark will be killed." I was a deputy sheriff and it was part of my duty to quell rioting. I had a pistol, a 32, with five shots. I know it ought to have been six. There were fifteen who had remained and not more than five had courage to even approach the mark—not more than five out of the hundred.

Well, if you are able bodied, and you ought to be if you got through the university, do you mean to say to me that you will let three or five hoboes bluff you or drive you around over the country? Really you are not in very much danger. If you have been with those men for some time, plenty of them will not see you get hurt. Don't you know that?

I always congratulate a man who has played football because it is about the only man to man game we have, and when you come up to scenes like this, and you are going to have plenty of them, a football man has an advantage, because he has had the experience of meeting in the shock of a football game muddy, sweating football players, and it is not so repulsive to him to take hold of a dirty, filthy, greasy foreigner and throw

him out of doors as it would be if he had not had that training.

This lawless element, and this is my point, numerically amount to but little. Take out the foreigner who does not know what he is talking about or what is said to him, and the hobo element or the negro element is very small. And oh, if we had a little bit of backbone about us, if we had a few less lawyers and courts and a few less newspapers to write up what terrible fellows we are, we could handle this labor situation. It is only the froth, and some of the damnable things we have in civilization, we have only because of the political methods that make it worth while to talk about it and to keep things in a perpetual commotion. It is the question of votes. There is the trouble. You let men have that before they can read. They can vote before they know what our institutions are. Of course it is all wrong. This is the land of the free and the home of the brave, but it is costing us a lot to keep it so.

Well, what can you do practically? I suppose you expect me to tell you. Get in touch with your men. Know them all. If there are too many of them, then you put men over them who will get in touch with them, men who are of the right sort. You have too many boy foremen. A foreman of a hundred hoboes should be a man with whiskers. If he has some grey in them, so much the better. You are putting foreigners over negroes, and that has never worked and never will. You must put a man over a negro who speaks good English. Too many times you are putting in men who can only talk rough, men who are trying to drive them. You cannot do that. You must pay more attention to these things. Keep in closer touch with your men. Give them the last cent every time that they have earned and give it to them promptly. Treat them fairly. Do not rob them in the boarding houses.

When I handled hoboes for James J. Hill he said to me, "Mr. Beahan, this a big company. This is a big work. And we are above making money out of our men in a boarding house." That is one of the reasons why "Jim" Hill was great and one of the reasons why he put over one of the biggest jobs this country ever saw.

There are some other things to which I might call your attention. Let me read you a newspaper clipping:

"Buffalo, New York, October 3. Buffalo's four-minute men who organized during the great war to promote the sale of liberty bonds have undertaken a new task. They are now teaching patriotism at the street corners. The soap box has been the rostrum of those who preached class-hatred and revolution, it was said in announcing the campaign, and the four-minute men decided to meet them on their own ground. It is planned to continue the soap box campaign as long as there is apparent need for it."

Of course that is just a newspaper item. I give it for what it is worth. I do not think I would make a speech from the soap box on the corner, but it is worth while to talk to you men.

Here is an item from Hamilton, New York,

October 11, by Elihu Root: By our successes we have built up two classes, one of money and the other of labor, which assails the government itself. If this nation is to be governed by plutocrats, your liberty and mine are gone. And if it be governed by the labor unions, your liberty and mine are gone."

We have some men in this country whom I think are dangerous. I heard one of them the other day in Cleveland, Mr. Raymond Robins. Perhaps you know him. You may have your own opinion about him, as I have. In a talk before the Federated Churches, a most powerful talk, he read this, and challenged us to say who write it:

"Labor is prior to and independent of capital. Capital is only the fruit of labor, and never could have existed if labor had not first existed. Labor is the superior of capital and deserves much the higher consideration."

None of us knew who wrote it; and then he told us it was Abraham Lincoln.

It was, but he had read a single paragraph. The evening paper printed what preceded and what followed and it read thus:

"I was born and have ever remained in the humble walks of life. I have no wealthy popular relations or friends to recommend me. I am not ashamed to confess twenty-five years ago I was a hired laborer hauling rails, at work on a flat-boat, just what might happen to any poor man's son."

Then this paragraph that I read before, and then the next paragraph:

"Capital has its rights which are as worthy of protection as any other rights. Nor is it denied that there is, and probably always will be, a relation between labor and capital, producing mutual benefits. The strongest bond of human sympathy outside of the family relation should be one uniting all working people of all nations, and tongues and kindreds. Nor should this lead to a war upon property or the owners of property. Property is the fruit of labor, property is desirable, is a positive good in the world. That some should be rich shows that others may become rich, and hence is just encouragement to industry and enterprise. Let not him who is houseless pull down the house of another, but let him work diligently and build one for himself, thus by example assuring that his own shall be safe from violence when built."

Now, my friends, a man who knows better should do better. Robbins is a Y. M. C. A. worker, just back from Russia. I do not know why he did that thing in Cleveland. It made a hit. Perhaps that is why he did it. You can quote from the Holy Word and prove things which will please the devil when you just take a part of a sentence out of it or a part of a phrase. Speech is a dangerous thing. I have trembled more over it than anything else I do. I am always nervous before I speak. I am afraid I will do some fool thing or some wrong thing. Speech is a gift if properly used, and a power for good or for evil.

We were speaking here today of Uncle Joe Cannon. The President of one of our univer-

sities the other night said this in Cleveland:

"I sometimes think we need the spirit of religion exhibited by that sturdy, square-toed old statesman, Uncle Joe Cannon. I saw Uncle Joe recently in Washington with his back up against the Capitol, and his face against a cigar (laughter) and I asked him his religion. 'I believe,' said Uncle Joe, 'that God Almighty organized this corporation known as humanity and issued all the capital stock and I am damned if I will sell my holdings just because there is a panic.'" (Laughter and applause.)

I am an optimist by nature and I am an optimist tonight. I did not know that Uncle Joe had said that, so that I had to think up some reason for myself, and this is the reason I conjured up. And I do not want to say these dark things to you to discourage you. They do not discourage me. I believe that there is an American triumph of power. That is a mighty fine phrase and it took me some time to think it out and I do not want you to forget it. These three powers in America are the followin:

First: The American home. The free man and the free woman forming that home with equal rights at least before the law and equal rights in that home.

As you know and I know, the children of that couple are bound to be superior people. One of our bright lawyers who was across as an observer for a time said that the great difference between the German soldier and the American soldier was that the German soldier was a peasant while the American soldier was a freeman. These children of these parents will not only inherit well, but you and I know that those parents' greatest ambition is to help those children all they possibly can, to give them the best start in the world they can. You have heard that said by them time and time again. These children then are not only born of superior parentage, but they stand upon the shoulders of those parents, because those parents see that those children start right where they themselves left off. That is why the American soldier compared so favorably with all the other soldiers on the other side. That is why the American girl in her work there and on this side was so superior in the second line of defense. Neither you nor I ever saw the devotion, ever dreamed there would be such devotion, as our American woman showed in all of the Red Cross work and every other kind of work. I do not need to enlarge upon that.

The second of the powers is our Public Schools.

Now I admit that upon the subject of public schools I am something of a crank, I believe in them so thoroughly. The King of Belgium, in going across our continent, when he got fairly well over, said: "Why, I notice that the biggest and finest looking building in these villages I go through is the school house every time." He said, "That is why you had such American soldiers."

I was in the Northwest for some years and there was a man there whom the unregenerate called John Ireland, but whom the good Catholic called Archbishop Ireland, of St. Paul, one of the great prelates of that Church. He founded

a great many parochial schools. He was a strict Church man. We do not expect from people of that faith the ardent support of the public schools that we do of others. But here are the words of the great John Ireland on that subject. He said:

"Withered be the arm that shall use its power against the public schools of America." (Applause.)

My friends, it is these public schools that are going to make these foreigners into good Americans. We have got to have public schools so long as we have the universal ballot. We are obliged to have these schools. You take the third, and sometimes the second generation, of these people, and you know as well as I do, my friends, that they are just as good Americans as we are. Our public schools in this country are a great power.

And the third is the Christian Religion.

Now do not shy off at that. I am not going to say anything to hurt your feelings particularly, I am a Christian in a very stumbling, blind way. My language does not always indicate it, but still that is my faith, and I believe in it in the broadest sense, and that any Christian religion beats Buddhism or Mohammedanism, and that any kind of religion beats no religion. I believe in the Christian religion as against any other because I know from my history that it is a religion of heroism. Whatever has been done in these centuries of which we have record has been done first and best by the Christian religion always.

Now in these times, as I sit in my pew along the side of a post of the church, so as to be as near a pillar of the church as possible, (laughter), I see the letters up there "I. H. S." I am not a Greek or Latin scholar. I am aware that those letters have a certain significance, but I do not understand much about it. To my mind, in these days, those letters "I. H. S." mean "In His Service." (Applause.)

My friends, if there is a strictly modern phase to christianity, it means Service, Service. And I think it means service more to the engineer probably than to any other man. *Service is the golden thread of God running through the warp of enlightened history.*

The Toastmaster said that this watch had stopped. But I guess it has taken a spurt since for it has gone around now to where I have my mark on the tablecloth as about my time to sit down.

Now, almost in recapitulation. The engineer did good work during this war. We must speak of it modestly, but we have a right to speak of it among ourselves. We surprised ourselves I think, especially the non-military engineer.

This was a war of science, of new appliances, of wonderful things, and the engineer certainly did his full part. We are very proud of it, justly proud of it. We could not all go. Some of us were not able to physically. Some were disqualified by law, and some were disqualified illegally. We ought to have been allowed to go. Of course that is my case. But, my friends, we have a work here which we can all do and we must do that good work if America is going to continue. I am not scared, as I have shown you. But these are very sober times. Things are liable to happen in

the next few months that should make our fathers' bones turn in their graves. They would not think it possible. This minority rule, or disrule—where is it going to lead us. Is there any sanity left? It sometimes makes us think that perhaps we are asleep and we hope that we may wake and find the sun shining as it was in our boyhood days.

The "out of door official" is the phrase that Secretary Baker applies to us and he says we did great things because we put things together and made them go. And we did do that in an astounding manner. Keep it up, my friends, and do not "come back" until it is "over, over here." That is our job tonight.

Most of you are somewhat younger than I am, at least in years, and I wish to leave this thought with you, which is in my mind; and it is clinched there by an incident about which I want to tell you.

In my boyhood days I attended, literally, a little red school house in the State of New York, down near Seneca Lake. It was the school house that my parents both attended. The land was given by one grandfather, the house was built by another, and when the district was organized they hauled the house to the land and we had a school there. It was not a very large one. I taught in that little red school house, the only teaching I ever did.

Now I remember distinctly this, that we used Saunders' Readers. And in Saunders' Fourth Reader was this incident, with which I close. The scene was off the Maine Coast in springtime. The moon was shining brightly. The flocs of ice could be seen drifting out to sea on an ebbing tide. A schooner was moving along slowly in a very light breeze, between ten and eleven o'clock at night. There had been heavy weather and the crew of this little vessel were exhausted. Now the captain finishes the story. He says:

"Someone rapped on my door and I was told the mate wanted to see me on deck as soon as possible. I rushed up as soon as I could put on my clothing, and Mr. Larkin, the mate, handed me his night glasses and he says, 'Captain, I wish you would take a look at that cake of ice over there and see what you make of it.' I put the glasses to my eyes and the mate commenced to get out a small boat. I looked carefully for some little time. I laid down the glasses and said, 'Mr. Larkin, there is some one alive on that floe of ice drifting out to sea.' He says, 'Captain, that is what I make it.' We started. We called for volunteers, as the men were all tired out. Two men came in the boat. They did their very best, but they did not make any headway. The tide was against us. Old Larkin said, 'Men, I will make it extra grog.' It did not do any good. And I said, 'I will make it a month's extra pay.' They pulled for a little while. 'Two months' extra pay.' And finally old Larkin, a Swede and a giant, one of the type of men who were found on those vessels, got over and took the laboring oar from one of the men and said, 'Captain, take the other oar; we must pull for ourselves.' We did

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They had been playing on the ice floe at a creek's mouth and it started out to sea."

But this is the crux of the whole story. The captain says:

"When I came on deck the next morning a little late, I said to the mate, 'Mr. Larkin, how do you feel this morning?' The big fellow's eyes filled with tears as he said, 'A little stiff in the arms, Captain, but all right here,' placing his brawny hand on his heart."

I thank you. (Long continued applause.)

RELATION OF THE ENGINEER TO THE EMPLOYER

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pull. I thought I would die. We leaned over until our heads touched our knees. We pulled with all the might we had. It seemed to me an hour. I do not suppose it was many minutes. When I was about exhausted, Larkin said, 'Easy, Captain,' and they fastened the boat to the icefloe, and there we found a little boy sitting on the ice, waving his cap to us, a boy about eight years old, and a little girl asleep, with her head on his lap, a child of three. We took the children on board the vessel. On the next day we had the pleasure of restoring them to the arms of their mother.